recovering rapidly, but Eugene's condition worried us; indeed, he never recovered completely.

After eight days, the state's attorney came to the prison, called all seven of us to the superintendent's office, and announced that the charge against Thomas, the girl teachers, Zaloga, and Alexander had been withdrawn and they would be released at once. Eugene and I would be held for trial on the charge of having advocated the overthrow of the existing form of government, under Article 129 of the Penal Code.

"That is a legal error," I said. "The government to which this article refers is the autocratic monarchy. It ceased to exist after the Manifesto of October 17. Since that time the form of our government has been in a state of transition. Everyone is permitted to have his own ideas on desirable changes. You may accuse us of inciting the people to violence, if you can prove the charge, but I don't see how you can refer to Article 129."

The attorney replied, "The preliminary investigation does not indicate that you incited anybody to acts of violence. But the circumstances indicate that you did advocate a change in the government that could not be effected without the use of force. Perhaps you are right about Article 129. . . . I cannot commit myself . . . . Present your opinion in writing, as a legal objection to preventive custody."

I had the paper ready an hour later. It was sent to the attorney at once, and the next day, after a consultation with the president of the court, he ordered our release from the prison.

Eugene was asleep when our train stopped at the station of Borovenka, and I did not waken him. The sight of the stationmaster, gendarme, and watchman aroused no emotion in me. This was just an obscure station, one of hundreds along the line.

At home I was met as one resurrected from the grave. Newspapers had spread exaggerated tales of the riot at the Borovenka station: I had been blinded, mobbed, murdered. I had wired to my mother from the Novgorod prison saying only that I had been arrested through misunderstanding and that I felt fine. The family found me in better shape than they had dared hope, though I was very weak and my head was bandaged and my face swollen. They asked me about my plans and I promised to take things easier the next week or two.